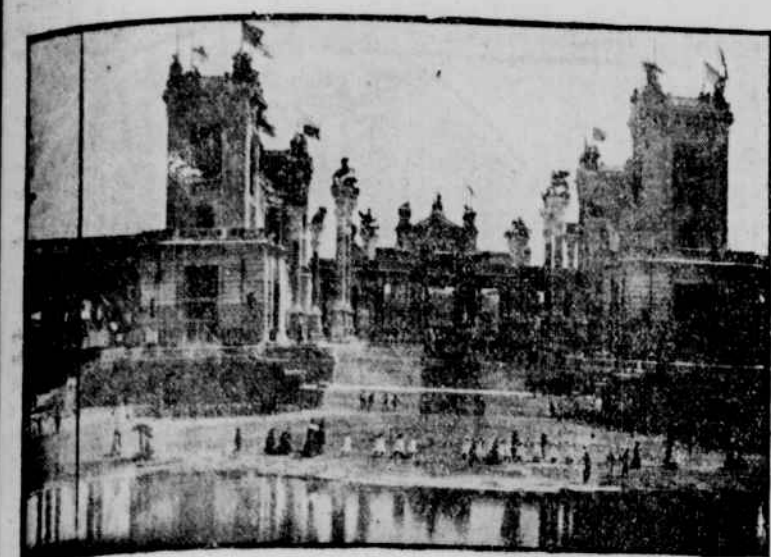


In a long and deeply interesting analysis the English critic well makes out his case for the Venetian painter. His discovery is the more apparent in the student of Italian art because this "Meditation on the Passion" is rare in its subject and is unmistakably into the bargain, a very beautiful picture.

English Gardens.
The special spring number of "The Studio," brought out here by the John

to profit by the lessons which a university has to teach. Those institutions, he points out in the London "Mail," have many wise duties which they may discharge. "They may teach the lessons of life, the most valuable of all, as they are taught nowhere else. They may encourage their alumni in the task of self-education with wisdom and discretion. They can, or they could, before the blight of practical education fell upon them, persuade their scholars to

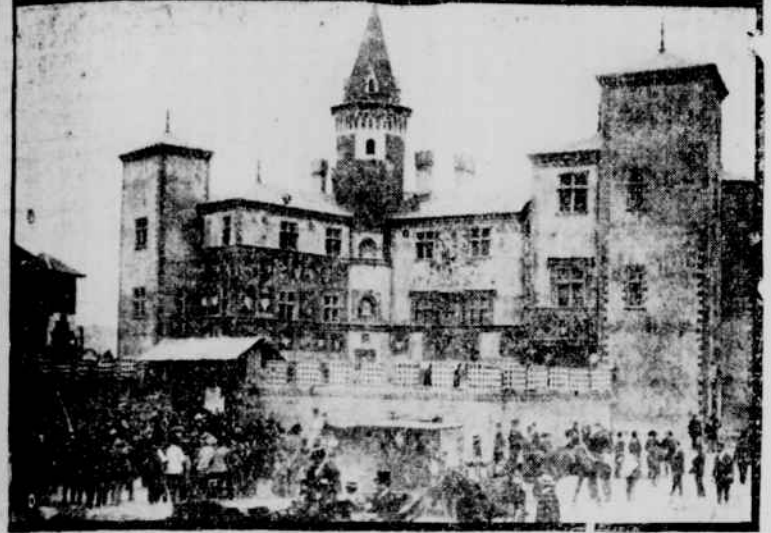


A PORTAL AT THE ROMAN EXPOSITION.
(From a photograph.)

Company, is devoted to "The Gardens of England." Previous issues in the series have treated the same subject, covering different parts of the country. The present number describes gardens in the Northern counties. We are "described" because there are some twenty-five or thirty pages of helpful text, but the main thing, of course, is the rich body of full-page halftones from superb photographs. There are also a number of illustrations in color from

pursue, for some years at least, a better end than a full purse. All this our universities could do. They could never make poets." Their failure to be "a favorable ground for the production of poets" they share, it is admitted, with every other human institution:

It is in vain, as I have said, that we dazzle the eyes of genius with handsome buildings, fine pictures and noble music. Genius disdain the palaces of kings to knock at the doors of cottages. It is not by taking thought that we can encourage poetry or build nests for the singing birds



PIEDMONT'S PAVILION AT THE ROMAN EXPOSITION.
(From a photograph.)

identical to George S. Elgood and other artists. These excellent records make the book, like its predecessors, of practical value to those who are interested in gardening.

Of Producing Poets.
The proposition that Oxford should become a nursery of poets is advanced by Dr. Warren, her new professor of poetry. It is scouted by at least one English critic, who reminds his countrymen that poets were not designed by nature

of our age. Schools and movements are the mere talk of pedants. Nothing makes poetry but the poet. And Oxford is as powerless to produce him as to teach the nightingale her song.

SQUELCHED.
"Pardon me," said very young Mr. Freshman, making a call. "I'm only thirty."
"Want a drink of water?" asked Miss Bentham, sweetly.
"Water? I don't use it," answered the young blood, with a wicked wink.
"Oh, you dear boy! So they're bringing you up on milk?"—Toledo Blade.

Matters of Art

The Ethnographical Exhibition at Rome.

Rome, May 28.
No other nation in the world but Italy could present such a varied and deeply interesting show as is this summer being held in the Piazza d'Armi, just outside of Rome, on the flat plain lying between Monte Mario and the Tiber. The superiority of this so-called ethnographical exhibition can easily be appreciated when one thinks of the historical and art resources that make of all Italy an inexhaustible mine. All this has been availed of with keen Italian perception and skill, making of the exhibition a faithful transcript of the architecture, the mode of living, the styles in dress and the personal characteristics of the Italians from the Valley of Aosta, in the Alps, to Catania, in Sicily, from Genoa to Bari, from Venice to Potenza. Each can here be visited and studied in a couple of hours, whereas journeys of days would be required, with hours of fatiguing travel, to encompass the territory here represented. The two expositions, that of the Fine Arts, in the Valle Giulia, and that of the different provinces of Italy, are connected by a new bridge of graceful construction over the Tiber, one long span of reinforced cement, which has taken sixteen months to build. This new Flaminio bridge leads directly to the monumental entrance, a highly ornamented gateway of three arches of pale buff staff, surmounted by large bronze figures in full action, with foundations of the same at the base. Decorated with brilliant banners and planted amid parterres of green and flowers, which has taken sixteen months to build. This new Flaminio bridge leads directly to the monumental entrance, a highly ornamented gateway of three arches of pale buff staff, surmounted by large bronze figures in full action, with foundations of the same at the base. Decorated with brilliant banners and planted amid parterres of green and flowers, which has taken sixteen months to build.

Back of these handsome pavilions lie the characteristic houses of the people, workshops, cafes, small theatres, etc., together with examples of local industries, of pure local color, as is illustrated for instance in Venetia. The principal pavilion is a most happy reproduction of the Tower of the Two Moors in the Piazza San Marco. Here is the same enormous clock surmounted by the winged lion, while above are the two Moors with their hammers and the bell. In the central court is the well, backed by the magnificent Loggia di Candia. The interiors are copied carefully from the finest Venetian rooms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the rear is a corner of Venice: the Calle, the bridge over the canal, with the gondola propelled by the typical gondolier in duck trousers, white shirt and blue sash. In the houses one sees the glass blowers of Murano and the lace makers of Burano, all at work. Venetia's exhibit is stated to have cost over 500,000 lire. Piedmont is represented by a castle, known as the Castle of Il Sogno, and also by the Priory of San Orso in the Val d'Aosta. This latter is a celebrated piece of architecture of the fifteenth century, and is here reproduced on a noble scale—the broad, multioned windows, the terra cotta ornaments of chimneys and garlands, all expressions of the period of pure Renaissance. It is impressive to enter the large courtyard bounded by high walls, on which are carved and emblazoned the arms, mottoes and emblems of the family. Medieval life is brought back vividly. The interior is perfect in restoration, both in furniture and wall hangings, together with the tile flooring.

In this matter of reproduction the Italian artisan is a master. The trick of imitation warms his theatrical heart. But for slowness and uncertainty he is also without a rival. Here we are, almost at the first of June, and out of twelve state pavilions three only are finished and open, and the so-called "attractions" are scarcely under roof. There are, I hear, some 5,000 daily admissions at the four separate exhibitions—the Valle Giulia, Piazza d'Armi, Castel Sant' Angelo and Baths of Diocletian—which is an exceedingly small number for this, the most beautiful month of the Roman year. There are very few foreigners in the city, and I am at a loss to see how the exhibition is going to pay. However, one must bear in mind that the expenses have been borne largely abroad, as each state builds its own building and the art pavilions in the Valle Giulia were each built by the country participating.

When completed, this ethnographical exhibition will be of unusual attractiveness, as there will be an enormous aggregation of objects of historic interest.

The last pages of the life of the declining Roman Empire left their strong mark upon Emilia and Romagna, while it disappeared at Ravenna. The Via Emilia begins with the Arch of Augustus at Rimini, and the three grandest monuments of these noble provinces are here reproduced, viz., the Castle of the Este family, at Ferrara; the Palazzo of Bentivoglio, at Bologna; and the temple of Malatesta, at Rimini.

CARROLL BECKWITH.

WHISKERS FOR CORONATION.
The most luxurious display of whiskers at the coronation of George V will be that made by Major General Adolphus W. Greely, onetime polar explorer and late

chief signal officer, U. S. A., who is to be the military aid on Ambassador Hammond's staff.

It is said that he has generally been assigned to such non-combatant duty as Arctic exploration and signal service administration because to have placed such a bewhiskered officer upon the firing line would have been a violation of that article of the law of war that forbids fighting from ambush.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Picture and Story Dedicated to Its Founders.

London, June 19.
Coronation year, with its timber yards and decoration litter, is not a favorable time for glimpses of storied London, time glorified and hallowed by tradition. That spacious Renaissance street, Whitehall, has been transformed into a Roman highway with white columns, Corinthian caps and gilded figures of winged griffins and Victories with trumpets. The old stager confronted with these new-fangled marvels of fibrous plaster scarcely knows where he is; and when he reaches the bottom of the street, where a pair of plaster lions with badly twisted tails are on guard in place of golden calves, he can scarcely see the venerable Abbey behind the barricades of timber stands. What a comfort it is for him to escape from the din of coronation preparation and to find at a bookstall such a tasteful monograph as Mr. Henry Troutbeck's "Founders of Westminster Abbey!" The cover itself suggests the quaint material to be found within, for there are spiracles from the Abbey at each corner and the blue and red shields of Edward the Confessor, Henry III and Henry VII are emblazoned in gold and colors.

The author is the son of the Precursor, who sang and intoned for so many years in the Abbey. He knows every stone in the ancient fabric, every nook and corner of the cloisters and Westminster School, and he is an artist, who can illustrate his book with his own water color drawings. He found in a Grisons village a small fresco of Saint Lucius, with crown and crimson robes of miniver and ermine, "bearded like a pard," and holding the spectator with cold, glassy eyes. That was in the quarter of Eastern Switzerland where the legendary British King preached with trumpet voice from a rocky pulpit among the hills and was martyred in the castle of Martiola. Having sketched the fresco with the jolly old saint in order that his friends in Westminster might see how the founder of the Abbey looked after abandoning his church in Thorney Isle and his throne in England, Mr. Troutbeck has put together the little that is known about the first British King who was a Christian. A few pages suffice for the meagre record of Lucius's church on the site of a temple of Apollo, his friendship for the Romans, his missionary journey and the Latinized version of his Celtic name.

Schert is described as the second founder, and his portrait in colors has been suggested by a painting on the back of the choir sedilia, which is no longer anything but a faded blur. He was King of the East Saxons and was converted by St. Augustine to Christianity; and he built another church on Thorney island during the seventh century and was buried in it; and his tomb may still be found in the south ambulatory of the Abbey. In the interesting portrait there is foliage from the painting on the tomb, the crown is tipped with pearls, and the salmon in the corners of the shield are reproduced from the tiles of the Chapter House, which illustrate the legendary visit of St. Peter to the Thames. Of

Edward the Confessor there is a composite portrait in red, blue and gold, with a Norman abbey in one corner, from the Bayeux tapestry, and with his vision of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus reproduced from a bass-relief on the frieze of the screen in the chapel behind the main Abbey altar. The arched crown with tassels is on the Confessor's head. The portrait of the fourth founder, Henry III, is also a composite affair, based upon the gilt bronze effigy on his

have endeavored to secure on loan the crucifix said to have been worn by Mary Queen of Scots on the day of her execution, which is in the possession of Queen Maria Christina of Spain.

Queen Maria Christina, however, has instructed the Marquise de Aguilar de Campos, her chief chamberlain, to inform Sir M. de Bunsen, the British Ambassador at Madrid, that she does not feel able to part, even for a short period, with a relic which, as a lineal descendant of the Queen who possessed it, she naturally regards as being invested with a peculiar and even sacred interest. Queen



LOMBARDY'S PAVILION AT THE ROMAN EXPOSITION.
(From a photograph.)

tomb, the panels above the priests' seats on the south of the presbytery, and reproductions of the crown with fleur-de-lis and pearls. The fifth founder, Henry VII, is taken from the effigy on his tomb in the famous chapel, in which a cap is substituted for the crown. Mr. Troutbeck, without making any pretence of being either an antiquarian or a writer with distinction of style, has succeeded in producing a deeply interesting little book, which Messrs. Mowbray & Co.

Maria Christina expresses her great regret at being obliged to refuse this request.

Her chamberlain is endeavoring to procure a copy of the book giving the history of the crucifix, and containing, it is understood, an engraving of it, and Sir M. de Bunsen proposes to forward this volume to the exhibition.

CLOUD WITH SILVER LINING.
"I don't see," said Mrs. Waggle, with a sniff, "how you stand the smell of all those gasoline cars going by here all day long."



THE VENETIAN PAVILION AT THE ROMAN EXPOSITION.
(From a photograph.)

have published. It has been a labor of love with pen and brush. The five royal builders on the site of Westminster Abbey are revitalized with the help of antique paintings and quaint memorials. Mr. Troutbeck has brought them back to life out of the realm of shadows.

I. N. F.

RELIC OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
From The London Times.
The managers of the Scottish Exhibition, which opens in Glasgow in May,

"I couldn't at first," said Mrs. Waggle, "but, after all, I find them a great help. Since they've been runnin' there hasn't been a sign of a moth around the place."—Harpers' Weekly.

CONTRADICTION A PROVERB.
"People can't expect to get something for nothing," said the ready-made philosopher.

"My landlord manages it," replied Mr. Growcher. "He makes me sign a contract to pay a full year's rent whether I live in his flat or not."—Washington Star.



IN THE BUREAU OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.